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AN OLD ROMAN GARDEN.

NOTHING but the soothing sense of silence! Far, far away rise the distant snows of the Alps, which, as the splendours of the living day decline, are shrouded in the twilight mists of earth. Nestling in sea-gray olive woods, the lower hills creep into prominence, golden-tinged, red, brown, silvery gray, with the warm Venetian tints of the million-hued roofs of Nice. Peeping from between the dark-stemmed silvery foliage and the flowering Judas trees, down where the tideless waters lap the porphyry shores, the low brown eaves of cottage roofs huddle together. A belt of purple cloudland marks the spot where sea and sky fade into eternity. A few fleecy clouds sail across the blue vault, like ships full rigged; and the puff of scented air wandering over the citron and orange groves gives promise of rain, to soften the air, and moisten the lips of the flowers, which are already beginning to carpet the earth beneath the vines and olives. Violets white and purple raise their scented heads; hypanthias and scarlet anemones star the ground with many a brilliant fleck of colour. Buttercups and daisies there are in plenty; but one looks in vain for the precursor of summer, the faint sweet primrose.

The rambling old Garden is walled in with a dike of uncertain age, largely composed of the veritable stones which went to build the fine old Roman baths and Temple of Apollo, which now lie by in melancholy grandeur. Bits of marble, rosy and white, are intersected; and on sunny mornings the lizards run over the warm surface of the stones and in and out of the mossy crevices. A glorious growth of ivy crowns the summit of the wall; depending, hang the clusters of rich purple berries, with the bloom full upon them. From out the niches spring lovely specimens of the hard fern, polypodium, and maiden-hair, spleenwort, also a variety of bracken, said to be indigenous to the Roman ruins, which fills every fissure of the dry rock and wall.

What chapters could be written on this long low pile of stones, with the tangled wealth of foliage, its myriad living inhabitants, its ancient marbles, each a landstone marking the centuries! Hard by are the ruins of the Temple of Apollo. The recesses that once held the sculptured figures, alas! are now empty. The old doorway has been blocked up with mortar, and the interior, once sacred to the god of beauty, is now the home of the gardener and his family. The low doorway shows the walls of solid masonry to be about four feet thick. Above the lintel, on a marble ledge, a vigorous growth of mountain polypody hangs a green fringe almost into the apartment.

Entering, we find ourselves in a large bare living-room. The dark-raftered ceiling and walls are smoke-embrowned, like an interior of Rembrandt's, with its play of light and shadow, sunshine and flickering firelight. A wide old chimney occupies one end; and looking up, the blue sky is seen shining above. A narrow stone stair, chipped and broken, built in the thickness of the wall, and having at each side a curious old-fashioned cupboard, leads up to the roof. The trained and trellised vines make a temporary covering of green, where once a vaulted stone roof has been. A low uneven parapet of ruined masonry, fern-grown and yellow with lichens, guards the edge. Here a rough wooden table is piled with homely utensils, waiting to be washed: a green pipkin—from which rises a great silvery pigeon—dark rich shades of brown and yellow jars of baked clay. The water is drawn from a very deep well that descends from the roof, and is protected by a broken marble edge. An old wooden pail, attached to a rusty chain, draws up the water, which is sweet and pure. As we look down into its dark-brown depths, the stone walls are seen to be covered thick with the graceful fronds of loveliest maiden-hair, such as many a gardener can never produce in an English greenhouse. In the clear depths, the living stalactites depend in feathery tufts down until their green fronds touch the silent water.

Several cages of birds are hung out, to catch the sun, shimmering between the canopy of leaves: two canaries in one tiny cage—greenfinches; in another, a captive thrush singing in the sunny glory. A little wooden door leads down two steps into another apartment, used by the gardener's daughter. Here in a corner stands what once must have been a very fine old Louis Quatorze cabinet, with its painted figures and stiff prim shape, the gilding tarnished, the painting faded, and the wood rotten with long exposure to the damp, and the relentless maw of worms. From what can be gathered from the local patois, with its soft Italian termination, it was removed from the big house upon its being closed, many years ago, when Count Garin ceased to live in the quaint old villa, now converted into an English *pension*. The whole place has a sad air of worn-out faded grandeur, once the scene of Roman magnificence and ostentatious worship. In the old-world Garden, a pigeon-house has been formed from a portion of the ruins, where the iridescent birds preen themselves in the sunny luxuriance, and rows of dried gourds hang in the glowing warmth.

About a stone's-throw off lie the Roman baths. A few relics, saved from the ruthless hands of the tourist, are piled up in a corner—a broken jar or two, a carved stone, a sculptured pillar's base, a handle torn from some stately urn, one or two slabs of rosy marble. Poor stately remains! all that is left of Roman pomp—of the flourishing Roman city, Cimiez, that took the part of Cæsar against the infatuated Antony and Egypt's Cleopatra. Looking down on the gaunt amphitheatre, which seated eight thousand spectators, vividly come crowding upon the mind scenes of the dying gladiators and condemned serfs. Here the Roman dames mixed with the populace in the arena, and courted the applause which a sterner republic deemed only fit for slaves.

A little to the east rises a huge plateau, crowned with ruined walls, stately ilexes, ancient olives, which, for age and grandeur, might be the contemporaries of those that clothed the Mount of Olives. The ruins once constituted the house of the Roman Proconsul, razed to the ground when Cimiez in the sixth century fell before the Lombards, who burned and sacked houses and temples, slaughtering without mercy men, women, and children, the few who escaped finding refuge in Nice.

The mansion-house is approached by an avenue of elms ivy-clad and gaunt. A cluster of giant cypresses raise their proud dark plumes towards the cloudy dome. There is no rustle and sway so mournful, nor yet so grand, as the melancholy dirge of the stately cypress. Close by the door lie the sculptured bases of two white marble Corinthian pillars; and under the heavy purple shadow of the tree of death lies an old stone coffin with a handsome carved stone cover. In one corner the carving has been broken off, and one can see into the damp mossy cavity, which once contained all the earthly remains of some noble Roman, laid to sleep there hundreds of years ago under its cover of carved stone.

A glass door opens into the vaulted hall, supported by old stone pillars. Around are ranged quaint stone pedestals, which probably once

held statues taken from the principal gate of ancient Cimiez. On the walls hang several ancient pictures by Italian artists: 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' 'The Birth of Christ,' the sky gilded, and the heads golden haloed. Up the wide old staircase the echoes seem to linger amongst the marble pillars and balustrades. Several old engravings of value still rest on the walls. At night, when the household are asleep, the solitary watcher may hear a curious chopping sound, which lasts from midnight till dawn, and the oldest inhabitants will tell you it is the ghostly visitant who haunts the Villa Garin, and chops wood in the silent hours.

From over the shadow-lands come the odour of budding citrons and orange gardens, and a world of violets filling the woods. A lustre of purple and gold streams over the Estrelles, and blends with the hazy vapours hovering around the olive-clad hills. The soft chimes of the Ave Maria ring out from distant chapels. The solemn tones chant out from the adjoining Franciscan monastery, calling the monks to vespers. Shadowed over by stately ilexes stands the old Gothic marble cross supporting the winged seraphim who appeared to St Francis; and above is the pelican feeding her young—symbol of Christian charity in the Middle Ages.

Whitewashed walls line the stone passage leading to the old well and court built by the Benedictines in the sixteenth century. Many old prints hang round, illustrative of the lives and legends of the saints. A stone passage leads to the Chapel, a vast echoing, gloomy space, built in Basilica form, whose walls once formed the Temple of Diana dating from the first century. There hang several paintings of note by Ludovico Brea, of sixteenth-century fame, and many curious mystic symbols of monastic times. A friendly monk leads the way to the sacristy, lined with frescoes by a Venetian, on into the choir, the seats lining the wall ornamented by finely carved old chestnut wood; and there, three times a day, come the brown-robed monks to pray. In the centre of the apartment, where the masses of shadow are penetrated by the primrose gloaming creeping through the narrow windows, and stealing to the solemn gloom of the vaulted roof, stands the gigantic lectern, of carved chestnut, from which the great old book can be read by all around. From a worm-eaten cabinet, shelved, and filled with sixteenth-century manuscripts, the old monk extracts some old brass-clamped books, and resting them on the time-worn carvings, displays the rich illuminations and quaint caligraphy of the sixteenth century. The vellum is stiff to the touch, and gorgeous with diverse blended colours and gilding; the bindings rich, handsome, and lasting, of finest brown leather, with huge brass bosses and nails; massive brazen clasps keeping the whole firmly together. On the front of the altar in the sacristy stands a beautiful crucifix, the cross ebony, the Christ an exquisite piece of old ivory carving, the base of buhl—the whole comprising a beautiful piece of workmanship. At either side stand obelisk-shaped glass jars, each containing the mouldering bone of a departed saint.

Alongside the Chapel stretches the crowded graveyard, a dangerous spot for malaria as the

evening mists creep up from the river. A glance through an open door shows a trim garden—in which, thanks to Mother Eve, no female foot may enter—and a dreamy vista of far-off snows. The faint tinkle of bells comes from a distant team of patient mules. One mournful and grand Kyrie Eleison is chanted by the murmuring voice of many waters. A beauty not of land or sea hovers over the scene, half-paradise, half-sepulchre; while an old monk, sandal-footed, brown-robed, with tansured head sunk upon his breast, and wrinkled hands crossed upon his girdle of knotted rope, paces beneath the ilexes, under the shadow of that home for which he has counted the world well lost.

A DEAD RECKONING.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

TEN weeks had come and gone since the memorable visit of M. Karovsky to the master of Beechley Towers. It was a pleasant evening towards the end of June. There had been a heavy shower a little while ago; but since then the clouds had broken, and the sun was now drawing westward in a blaze of glory. In the same pleasant morning-room in which we first made their acquaintance, Mrs Brooke and her aunt, Miss Primby, were now sitting. The latter was dozing in an easy-chair with a novel on her lap, the former was seated at the piano playing some plaintive air in a minor key. The glad light, the light of a happiness that knew no cloud, which shone from her eyes when we saw her first, dwelt there no longer. She looked pale, anxious, and *distracted*, like one who is a prey to some hidden trouble. She had spoken no more than the truth when she said that her happiness was too perfect to last.

As the last sad note died away under her fingers she turned from the instrument. 'I cannot play—I cannot work—I cannot do anything,' she murmured under her breath.

At this juncture Miss Primby awoke. 'My dear Clara, what a pity you did not keep on playing,' she said. 'I was in the midst of a most lovely dream. I thought I was about to be married; my wreath and veil had been sent home, and I was just about to try them on; when you stopped playing and I awoke.'

'If I were to go on playing, aunt, do you think that you could finish your dream?'

'No, my dear, it's gone, and the chances are that it will never return,' said the spinster with a sigh.

Clara crossed the room, and sat down on a low chair near the window, whence she could catch the first glimpse of her husband as he came round the clump of evergreens at the corner of the terrace.

'I wish you would not mope so much, and would try not to look quite so miserable,' said her aunt presently.

'How can I help feeling miserable, when I know that Gerald has some unhappy secret on his mind, of which he tells me nothing? He has been a changed man ever since the visit of M. Karovsky. He cannot eat, he cannot rest;

night and day he wanders about the house and grounds, like a man walking in his sleep.'

'Bad signs, very, my dear. Married men have no right to have secrets from their wives.'

'If he would but confide in me! If he would but tell me what the secret trouble is that is slowly eating away his life!'

'I remember that when the Dean of Rathdrum leaned over the back of my chair, and whispered "My darling Jane, I"—'

'Here comes Gerald!' cried Mrs Brooke. She started to her feet, while a glad light leapt into her eyes, and ran out on the terrace to meet him. 'What a time you have been away!' she said, as he stooped and kissed her. 'And your hair and clothes are quite wet.'

'It is nothing,' he answered. 'I was caught in a shower in the wood.'

'Poor fellow! He certainly does look very haggard and dejected,' remarked Miss Primby to herself.

'Have you been far?' asked Clara.

'Only as far as Beaulieu.'

'You called on the baron, of course.'

'No. I changed my mind at the last moment.'

'The first bell will ring in a few minutes.'

'I have one important letter to write before I dress.'

'Then aunt and I will leave you. You will not be long? I am so afraid of your taking cold. Come, aunt.'

'Nothing brings on rheumatism sooner than damp clothes,' remarked Miss Primby sententially, as she folded down a leaf of her novel, and tucked the volume under her arm.

Then the ladies went and Gerald was left alone. He looked a dozen years older than he had looked ten weeks previously. All the light and gladness had died out of his face; he had the air of a man who was weighed down by some trouble almost heavier than he could bear. 'She is afraid of my taking cold,' he said to himself, with a bitter smile as his wife closed the door. 'Poor darling! if I were to take cold and have a fever and die, it would be the best thing that could happen either to her or me.' He began to pace the room slowly, his hands behind him, and his eyes bent on the ground. 'Nearly three months have passed since Karovsky's visit, and nothing has yet been done. Only two more weeks are left me. Coward that I am, to have kept putting off from day to day doing that which I ought to have done long ago. Even this very afternoon, when I reached Beaulieu, I had not the courage to go in and confront Von Rosenberg. My heart failed me, and I turned back. If I have begun one letter to him I have begun a dozen, only to burn or tear them up unfinished; but now there is no time for further delay. I will warn him that if he wishes to save his life he must leave here immediately, and seek some asylum where his enemies will be powerless to harm him. Shall I vaguely hint at some shadowy danger that impends over him? or shall I tell him in plain terms why and by whom the death sentence has been recorded against him? Shall I write to him anonymously, or shall I sign the letter with my name? Better tell him everything and put my name to the letter; he can then act on the information in whatever way he may deem

best. In doing this, as Karovsky said, I shall be sealing my own doom. Well, better that, better anything than the only other alternative.'

He halted by one of the windows, and stood gazing out at all the pleasant features of the landscape he had learned to know and love so well. 'It seems hard to die so young, and with so much about me to make life happy,' he sadly mused. 'I think I could meet my fate on the battle-field without a murmur—but to be murdered in cold blood—to be the mark for some stealthy assassin! Poor Clara! poor darling! what will you do when I am gone?' He sighed deeply as he turned from the window. His eyes were dim with tears.

Presently he seated himself at the davenport, and drew pen and paper towards him. 'No more delays; this very night the baron shall be told. But how shall I begin? in what terms shall I word my warning?' He sat and mused for a minute or two, biting the end of his pen as he did so. Then he dipped the pen into the inkstand and began to write: 'My dear Baron, from information which has reached me, the accuracy of which I cannot doubt, I am grieved to have to inform you, that your life is in great and immediate peril. You have been sentenced to death by the Chiefs of one of those Secret Societies of the existence of which you are doubtless aware. Your only chance of safety lies in immediate flight.'

'What shall I say next?' asked Gerald of himself. 'Shall I tell him that?—'

But at this juncture the door was opened, and Mrs Brooke came hurriedly into the room. 'O Gerald, such terrible news!' she exclaimed, breathlessly.

Gerald turned his letter face downward on the blotting-pad. 'Terrible news, Clara?' he said in a tone of studied indifference. 'Has your aunt's spaniel over-eaten itself and?—'

'Gerald, don't!' she cried in a pained voice. 'Baron von Rosenberg is dead—murdered in his own house less than an hour ago!'

Gerald rose slowly from his chair as if drawn upward by some invisible force. The sudden pallor that blanched his face frightened his wife. She sprang forward and laid a hand on his arm. He shook it off almost roughly. 'Tell me again what you told me just now,' he said in a voice which Clara scarcely recognised as that of her husband.

She told him again. 'Murdered! Von Rosenberg! Impossible!'

'Dixon brought the news; he has just ridden up from King's Harold.'

Gerald sank into his seat again. His eyes were fixed on vacancy. For a few moments he looked as if his brain had been paralysed.

Miss Primby came bustling in. 'Oh, my dear Clara, can it be possible that this dreadful—dreadful news is true?'

'Only too true, I am afraid, aunt.'

'Poor Baron! Poor dear man! What a shocking end! I never knew a man with more charming manners. Cut off in the flower of his age, as one may say.'

'Perhaps, dear, you would like to see Dixon and question him,' said Clara to her husband.

He simply nodded. Mrs Brooke rang the bell and Dixon the groom entered. 'You had better

tell your master all you know about this frightful tragedy.'

The man cleared his throat. Gerald stared at him with eyes that seemed to see far beyond him—far beyond the room in which they were. 'I had been down to King's Harold, sir,' began Dixon, 'to see Thompson, the farrier, about the chestnut mare, and was riding back, when just as I got to the Beaulieu lodge-gates I see the dog-cart come out with Mr Pringle the baron's man in it, along with Dr King, and another gent as was a stranger to me. Seeing the doctor there, and that Mr Pringle looked very white and scared like, I pulls up. "Anything amiss, Mr Pringle?" says I, with a jerk of my thumb towards the house, as the dog-cart passed me. But he only stared at me and shook his head solemn like and drove on without a word. Then I turns to the lodge-keeper's wife and sees that she has her apron over her head, and is crying. "Anything serous amiss, mum?" says I. "I don't know what you calls serous, young man," says she, "but my poor master, the baron, was found murdered in the little shally in the garden only half an hour since—shot through the heart by some blood-thirsty villain." I didn't wait to hear more, sir, but made all the haste I could home.'

No word spoke Gerald. The man looked at him curiously, almost doubting whether his master had heard a word of what he had said.

'Thank you, Dixon; that will do,' said Mrs Brooke. The man carried a finger to his forehead and made his exit.

'Poor dear baron!' remarked Miss Primby for the second time. 'There was something very fascinating in his smile.'

'Clara, tell me,' said Gerald presently. 'Am I in truth awake, or have I only dreamt that Von Rosenberg is dead?'

'How strangely you talk, dear. I am afraid you are ill.'

'There you are mistaken. I am well—excellently well. But tell me this: ought I to feel glad, or ought I to feel sorry? On my life, I don't know which I ought to feel!'

'Glad? O Gerald!'

'Ah; I had forgotten. You don't know.'

'You no longer confide in me as you used to do.'

He took no notice of the remark. "Let the Dead Past bury its dead," he said aloud, but speaking exactly as he might have done had he been alone. 'No need to send this now,' he muttered in a lower tone as he took up his unfinished letter. 'If I had but sent it a week ago, would Von Rosenberg be still alive? Who can say?' Crossing to the chimney-piece, he lighted a match and with it set fire to the letter, holding it by one corner as he did so. When it had burnt itself half away he began to whistle under his breath.

'O Gerald!' said his wife in a grieved voice.

'I had forgotten. Pardon—as Karovsky would say.'

'I am grieved to say so, dear, but his brain seems slightly affected,' whispered Miss Primby to her niece. 'If I were you I would call in Dr Preston.'

Before Clara could reply Bunce came in with a lighted lamp half turned down. He left the curtains undrawn, for a soft yellow glow still lingered over field and woodland.

As soon as he had left the room Mrs Brooke crossed to the couch on which her husband had seated himself, and taking one of his hands in hers, said: 'Dearest, you must not let this affair, shocking though it be, prey too much on your mind. It is not as if you had lost an old and valued friend. Baron von Rosenberg was but an acquaintance—a man whose name even you had never heard six months ago.'

His only reply was to softly stroke the hand that was holding one of his.

Clara waited a little and then she said: 'Will you not come and dress for dinner?'

He rose abruptly. 'Dress for dinner!' he exclaimed with a strange discordant laugh. 'How the comedy and tragedy of life jostle each other! Grim death claps on the mask of Momus and tries to persuade us that he is a merry gentleman. Here a white cravat, a dress coat, the pleasant jingle of knives and forks. There, a pool of blood, a cold and rigid form, a ghastly face with blank staring eyes that seem appealing to heaven for vengeance. Yes, let us go and dress for dinner; for, in truth, you and I ought to rejoice and make merry to-night—if you only knew why.'

'Gerald, you frighten me.'

'Nay, sweet one, I would not do that,' he answered as he drew her to him and kissed her. 'I am in a strange humour to-night. I hardly know myself. I could laugh and I could sing, and yet—and yet—poor Von Rosenberg!' He turned away with a sigh.

At this moment in came Mr Bunce again. 'If you please, ma'am,' he said to Mrs Brooke, 'here's a strange young pusson come running to the Towers all in a hurry, who says she must see you without a minute's delay.'

The 'strange young pusson' had followed close on his heels. 'Yes, mum, without a minute's delay,' she contrived to gasp out, and then she stood panting, unable to articulate another word. She was breathless with running.

'Well, if ever!' exclaimed the scandalised Bunce, turning sharply on her. 'Why, you ain't even wiped your shoes.'

'That will do, Bunce, thank you,' said Mrs Brooke with quiet dignity.

Bunce sniffed and tried to screw up his nose further than nature had done already. 'Sich muck!' was his comment to himself as he left the room.

The person to whom this depreciatory epithet was applied was a girl of some sixteen or seventeen summers, Margery Shook by name, who was dressed in a coarse but clean bib and apron, a short cotton frock considerably the worse for wear, gray worsted stockings, thick shoes, and a quilted sun-bonnet, from under the flap of which her nut-brown hair made its escape in tangled elf-like locks. Her bright hazel eyes had in them more of the expression of some half-tamed animal than that of an ordinary human being. Her features, though by no means uncomely, were somewhat heavily moulded and did not respond readily to emotional expression. For the rest, she was a well-grown strongly-built girl, and when she laughed her teeth flashed upon you like a surprise.

Margery's laugh, if laugh it could be called, was perhaps the most singular thing about her.

It was witch-like, weird, uncanny; it never extended to her eyes; it broke out at the most inopportune moments; to have been awoke by it in the dead of night, and not to have known whence it emanated, might have shaken the nerves of the strongest man.

Margery was an orphan, and until she was sixteen years old, had been brought up on a canal barge. It was her boast that she could drive a horse or steer a barge as well as any man between London and the Midlands. But there came a day when the girl could no longer either drive or handle the rudder. Ague had got her in its merciless grip. The barge-man for whom she worked landed her at King's Harold with instructions to a relative of his to pass her on to the workhouse. But before this could be done Mrs Brooke had found out the sick girl. She was placed in a decent lodging, and the mistress of Beechley Towers paid all expenses till she was thoroughly restored to health. But not only did she do that: she went to see Margery three or four times a week, and sat with her, and talked with her, and read to her, and tried in various ways to let a few rays of light into the girl's darkened mind. Sometimes it happened that Mr Brooke would call for his wife when she was on these expeditions, on which occasions he would always stay for a few minutes to have a chat with Margery, so that in a little while there was no such gentleman in existence as 'Muster Geril.' But towards Mrs Brooke her feeling was one of boundless gratitude and devotion; it was like the devotion of a dumb animal rather than that of a rational being. Willingly, gladly would she have laid down her life for her benefactress, had such a sacrifice been required at her hands.

When the girl was thoroughly convalescent it became a question what should be done with her. Clara had extracted a promise from her never to go back to her old life on the canal. About this time it was that the Baron von Rosenberg set up his establishment at Beaulieu. An assistant was required in the laundry; Margery thought she should like the situation, so it was obtained for her.

'Why, Margery, what can be the matter? Why do you want to see me so particularly?' asked Mrs Brooke.

'It's about him—about Muster Geril,' she managed to gasp out. 'O mum! the polis is coming, and I've run'd all the way from Bulloo to tell you.'

'The what is coming, Margery?'

'The polis, mum,' answered the girl with one of her uncanny laughs. Miss Primby, who had never heard anything like it before, gave a little jump and stared at Margery as if she were some strange animal escaped from a menagerie.

'The police, I suppose you mean?' Margery nodded, and began to bite a corner of her apron.

'You must be mistaken, child. What can the police be coming here for?'

'To take Muster Geril.'

'To arrest my husband?' Margery nodded again. 'What can they want to arrest him for?'

'For murder.'

'For murder!' ejaculated both the ladies.

There was a moment's breathless pause. Gerald, with one hand on the back of a chair,

and one knee resting on the seat, had the impassive air of a man whom nothing more can surprise. He had gone through so much of late that for a time it seemed as if no fresh emotion had power to touch him.

'Great heaven! Margery, what are you talking about?' said Mrs Brooke with blanched lips.

'They say as how Muster Geril shot the gentleman—the Baron—what was found dead about a hour ago. Not as I believes a word of it,' she added with a touch of contempt in her voice. 'A pistol set with gold and with funny figures scratched on it, was found not far from the corpus, and they say it belongs to Muster Geril.'

'My Indian pistol which I lent to Von Rosenberg ten weeks ago,' said Gerald quietly.

'And now the polis have gone for a warrin to take him up,' added the girl.

'A warrant to arrest my husband?'

Again Margery nodded. She was a girl who, as a rule, was sparing of her words.

'I the murderer of Von Rosenberg!' said Gerald, with a bitter laugh. 'Such an accusation would be ridiculous if it were not horrible.'

Mrs Brooke wrung her hands and drew in her breath with a half moan. The blow was so overwhelming, that for a few moments words seemed frozen on her lips.

Gerald turned to the window. 'Can the irony of fate go further than this,' he said to himself, 'that I should be accused of a crime for refusing to commit which my own life was to have paid the penalty!'

In came Bunce once more carrying a card on a salver which he presented to his master.

Gerald took it and read, 'Mr Tom Starkie.'

'Says he wants to see you very perticler, sir.'

'Into which room have you shown Mr Starkie?'

'Into the blue room, sir.'

'Say that I will be with him in one moment. Come, Clara, come, aunt,' he said with a smile, as soon as Bunce had left the room; 'let us go and hear what it is so "perticler" that Mr Tom has to say to me.'

None of them noticed that Margery had stolen out on to the terrace, and was there waiting and watching with her gaze fixed on a distant point of the high-road where it suddenly curved, before dipping into the valley on its way to the little market town of King's Harold. Twilight still lingered in the west, and Margery's eyes were almost as keen as those of a hawk.

THE TRAINING OF TIDAL RIVERS.

To a seafaring nation like our own, the endeavour to render tidal rivers more safely and easily navigable must always be a matter of interest and importance. In the estuaries of some of the principal rivers of our own and other countries much has already been done. Channels have been deepened by dredging, winding courses have been improved by making straight cuts, obstructing rocks have been removed by blasting, and breakwaters have been constructed, where necessary, for protection against the waves. In some cases great success has been attained, and rivers formerly too shallow for anything but the smallest coasting vessels have been rendered navigable by

large ocean-going steamers. Much still remains to be done, especially for such rivers as have hitherto proved difficult to modify on account of strong currents, caused by the tide or the river itself, or both combined, which baffle the efforts of engineers to make and maintain convenient channels for navigation. In some cases, after great expense has been incurred in the construction of training-walls to guide a river in a particular course through a shallow estuary, very unexpected results have ensued. Sandbanks have formed themselves at inconvenient places, or the estuary on each side of the trained channel has silted up, diminishing the space available for water when the tide is in, and consequently diminishing the amount of water rushing out when the tide is ebbing, which formerly kept the channel open. To experiment on real rivers on a large scale would be very expensive, and might sometimes injuriously modify the estuary in ways not easily foreseen, and difficult, or even impossible, to correct.

Professor Osborne Reynolds was the first, so far as we are aware, to make experiments on a model constructed to scale, in order to show what results might be expected to ensue in a tidal estuary from certain proposed engineering works. He carried out such experiments in 1885, on a model of the estuary of the Mersey, in connection with the Manchester Ship Canal scheme. These investigations have been recently followed up by Mr L. F. Vernon-Harcourt, who has conducted a series of most interesting experiments on a model of the estuary of the river Seine, with the view of testing the comparative merits of several different schemes proposed for the improvement of the navigation of the river; an account of which he communicated to the Royal Society early in the present year (*Proceedings of the Royal Society*, vol. xlv., page 505.—Paper read February 7, 1889). He got a model constructed in Portland cement of the estuary of the Seine on a scale of $\frac{1}{1000}$ horizontal and $\frac{1}{100}$ vertical. The reason for making the vertical scale one hundred times the horizontal is, that the fall of the bed in the tidal part of the Seine is very slight, so that even on these scales the rise of spring-tides at the mouth of the estuary in the model is only seven-tenths of an inch, while the model is nine feet long.

Whether the behaviour of the sand at the bottom will be similar in a model thus altered in proportions, to the behaviour it would show in a model in true proportions or in the real estuary, remains to be proved; but, from what Mr Vernon-Harcourt has observed, it seems likely that the facts which can be ascertained from a model such as his may be of real service to engineers in helping them to judge whether a certain proposed arrangement of training-walls would have the effect intended on the river-bed.

The rise and fall of the tide is produced in Mr Vernon-Harcourt's model by means of a zinc tray hinged on at the estuary mouth, so that the water situated in the tray represents the sea in continuity with the water in the estuary, and that the tray can be raised and lowered alternately to introduce an imitation of the tidal action. The period given to each tide in working the model is about twenty-five seconds. The water representing the fresh water of the Seine is admitted at

the upper end of the model from a tap, and an equal quantity of water is allowed to flow out by a cock with a large orifice at the lower end of the estuary, so placed as to allow the water to escape while the tide is high.

At the mouth of the Seine the navigable channel has not remained constantly in one situation, but has kept shifting to different parts of the shallow estuary. Two banks always appear, however, in some form or other on the old charts, between Havre, on the north side of the estuary, and Villerville Point near Honfleur, on the south. These have been sometimes connected with sand-banks inside the estuary, and sometimes detached. Rock and gravel are represented as cropping up on some parts of these banks in a recent chart drawn from a survey made in 1880. In the model, solid mounds of cement are introduced to represent these banks; also where the rocky bottom is exposed near Havre and Villerville, the model is moulded to the exact depths shown on the chart of 1880. At other parts the cement is kept well below the greatest depth attained by the channel at each place, and the bottom is formed of sand. At first, silver sand was used on account of its being easily obtained, and its purity and freedom from cohesion.

The working of the model was commenced in November 1886. From the outset, some interesting phenomena were noticed. The *bore*—a sudden rise of the water—at a place called Claudebec, and the reverse current just before high-water near Havre called the 'Verhaule,' were notably represented. After the model had been worked for some time, the channels near Quillebeuf—a place about twenty miles above Havre—took lines like those which formerly existed in the real estuary. Also a small channel appeared on the northern shore of the estuary by Harfleur and Hoc Point—a few miles above Havre—which is clearly marked in the chart of 1834. The main channel also shifted about in the estuary, and showed a tendency to break up into two or three channels at a place where the influences of the flood and ebb tides seemed nearly alike and in some sense balancing. The model thus reproduced very nearly the conditions of the real estuary forty or fifty years ago, before the training-walls which exist at present were begun; but the depth of the channels was not as great—as represented by the proportionately large vertical scale—as in the real river, on account, as Mr Vernon-Harcourt supposes, of the small scouring influence possessed by the minute currents in the model. 'The sand,' he says, 'in fact cannot be reduced to a fineness corresponding to the scale of the model, whilst the friction on the bed is not diminished equivalently to the reduction in volume of the current.'

The silver sand used at first was found to be too heavy, and not sufficiently mobile for the model. In carrying on the experiments various substances were tried, to imitate the suspended sediment carried down by the river, the desideratum being something 'insoluble in water, easily scoured, and therefore not pasty or sticky, and sufficiently fine or light to be carried in suspension to some extent by the currents in the model, and not merely rolled along the bottom like the silver sand.' After trying pumice in powder, flower of sulphur, pounded coke, fuller's earth,

lupine seed, coffee-grounds, &c., all of which proved unsatisfactory for various reasons, Mr Vernon-Harcourt found a kind of fine sand with a small admixture of peat on Chobham Common, which suited his purpose. With this sand he formed the bed of the estuary.

In 1848, training-works were commenced in the Seine estuary. The original intention was to continue the trained channel down as far as Honfleur, on the southern side; and to prolong one or both of the training-walls towards Havre, which is situated farther down the river on the opposite side, the interests of both these ports having to be considered. In 1870, the training-walls had reached Berville, about thirteen miles above Havre. At this stage the works were suddenly stopped in the interests of the port of Havre, on account of the large unexpected deposits which were taking place behind the training-walls, and at the sides of the wide estuary below them. Many different schemes have been proposed, especially within the last few years, for extending these works with the object of training and deepening the shifting channel below Berville, and improving the access to Honfleur without endangering the approaches to Havre.

After having reproduced in his model the state of the estuary before the training-walls were constructed, Mr Vernon-Harcourt next proceeded to insert strips of tin, to represent the training-walls as they are at present. These strips were cut to the proper heights according to the scales, and bent to shape, and inserted piece by piece; the model being worked for some time after each piece was put in, in order to imitate as closely as possible the real conditions. The result was that the foreshores at the back of the training-walls were raised by accretions of sand, and the channel between the walls was scoured out in the model as in the actual estuary. Also the accretions extended down beyond the ends of the walls as far as Honfleur on the left bank, and Hoc Point on the right, and a certain channel near Harfleur was filled up—all these changes corresponding with the actual changes in the Seine.

The success of these experiments with the existing walls gives encouragement to suppose that the further experiments afterwards carried out to try the effects of several of the proposed schemes do really indicate more or less exactly what would ensue in each case if the works were constructed.

The schemes experimented on may be divided into three classes: (1) Outlet of estuary considerably restricted. Channel trained inside towards outlet. (2) Channel trained in sinuous line, expanding towards outlet, but kept narrow at changes of curvature. And (3) channel trained in as direct a course as practicable and expanding regularly to outlet. The last form of channel proves to be decidedly the most promising. In the first class of schemes there is a tendency to the formation of a bar in front of the narrowed outlet, also the channel tends to be irregular in depth, and deposits accumulate inside the estuary; while in the second class, the advantages expected by the designers through making use of the scour at the concave face of bends were not realised.

These experiments may prove very useful, not only as affording guidance in the choice of a scheme for the training-works in the Seine estuary, but also as indicating some general principles

for the guidance of harbour engineers in other places. Direct experiments on models for each estuary where harbour-works are contemplated would be very desirable, where possible, in order to reproduce the special conditions of the estuary to be investigated.

MR GATHERWICK'S PRODIGAL.

THERE was a pause in the Gatherwick office. The half-hour after five had rung out some minutes before; six was closing-time; and it was one of the articles of Mr McCallum's creed that it was injurious to the constitution to pass straight from the whirl of business to the chill outside air. Mr McCallum was chief-clerk; there were but two; and whenever it was practicable—that is to say whenever Mr Gatherwick himself was not present in person—he made a point of allowing a suitable margin for general conversation, before the two descended the stairs and set their faces homewards.

It was Mr McCallum, of course, who was leading the conversation to-night, and the subject of all others that had come to the front was the case of the Prodigal Son, suggested possibly by a circumstance that had occurred that same morning. Among the letters by the second post had been one in a big dashing hand, which without reading further than the head of the first page, Mr Gatherwick had promptly put into a fresh envelope and re-directed, presumably to the place it had come from; but he had posted it himself, instead of leaving it with the others to the junior clerk, Davidson. Davidson took a special interest in that dashing handwriting, and was labouring under a sense of injury accordingly.

'For myself, I never quite agreed with all the fuss that was made over that young renegade,' Mr McCallum was remarking with an emphatic flourish of his ruler. 'It's not the practice, in these days at anyrate; and I'd not advise any one to follow his example on the chance of getting the like reception.'

'Then you would have left him to starve, I suppose?' returned Davidson, who represented the entire audience.

'Not entirely—moderation in all things. He might have been taken in on probation for a time, till they saw how far his reform was to be depended upon.—No; on the whole, I'm not saying but I agree with Mr Gatherwick.'

'Mr Gatherwick is obliged to you, sir,' said a deep voice from behind; 'but instead of discussing matters that do not concern you, kindly put up your books and go.'

Mr McCallum collapsed. He did as he was bidden in perfect silence, too overcome even to attempt an apology. Davidson followed him as swiftly as possible, and Mr Gatherwick was left in solitary possession of the field. A limited and very dusty field; but the stiffest battle of his prosperous life had been fought out there. It was the old story: his only son, easy, careless, thoughtless—in all respects the antipodes of his father—mistakes in the cash-book—inquiries hushed up—disgrace, and banishment. That had happened two years ago, and this morning's was the third letter that had been sent back unread.

Mr Gatherwick was at one end of the pole, Mr

McCallum at the other, yet both held precisely the same view on one subject. The prodigal in that old parable had been forgiven much too easily; the father had exhibited an amiable weakness that was altogether reprehensible under the circumstances. Mr Gatherwick involuntarily commended himself for his sounder principles, and felt that he had done righteously in returning that unread letter.

And yet, somewhere underneath was a faint uneasy sense of discomfort—of something wanting. For what end was he working now? He had no irreproachable elder son to fall back upon. Hospitals and almshouses are useful institutions, but few men labour with enthusiasm for their sole behoof. He might endow another school, perhaps; but there appeared to be schools in abundance already, and he himself was a self-taught man. Mr Gatherwick abruptly wound up his reflections at this unsatisfactory stage, locked up his safes and rooms, and hurried away down the stairs and through the busy gas-lighted streets to his handsome solitary house, wherein dwelt no one person to watch and wait for his advent.

The letter went back whence it came—not very far; it was from an English seaport town this time; the last had been from New York. It went back, and was greeted with sore dismay.

'That is the last time I will ever trouble him, Nell,' said Maurice Gatherwick, the younger, flinging it into the fire. 'He does not know what forgiveness means, and he need not begin to learn now, as far as I am concerned.'

Nell looked up from her stitching with a disappointed face. 'O Maurice, I was so sure he would tell you to come home when he found you were so near. What are we to do?'

'Don't fret, Nell. I'll have a hunt round the shipping houses here; and if the worst comes to the worst, well, we can go back to Glasgow on our own account.'

'Do you think it's because—because you married me?' she asked anxiously a minute or two after.

'No, Nell; that it certainly is not. He has not even read the letter, nothing but the address to which he could send it back again.'

When Maurice set out to the far country—New York in his case—Nell and her mother had been fellow-passengers. The mother had been ailing all the journey, and died the day before they reached Sandy Hook. Nell was left solitary, almost penniless. Maurice's sole fortune was two hundred pounds, descended to him from his mother. What could have been a more suitable arrangement than that they should marry and combine their joint misfortunes?

Somehow the States had not proved the Eldorado they had expected. There Maurice gained his first personal experience of poverty. He had no associations of that kind with his own country, and naturally came to the conclusion that once back, it would be an easier matter to find some employment that would eke out their scanty means, beside the hope that Mr Gatherwick might relent and be willing to overlook the past miserable folly. But that hope had to be struck out of their calculations now, and they were not through the first week yet.

The shipping houses followed suit. 'There is only one course left, Nell; we must go back to Glasgow,' Maurice announced at the end of the

second week. 'There will be a better chance there for me; I know the places.'

And so the little tent was pitched once more, and Maurice found himself back among the old haunts—with a difference. Then he had been a rich man's son and heir, now he was one of the rank and file, and the rank and file were inconveniently plentiful, it seemed to him, during that long quest after a clerkship.

'Hurrah! I've got it at last,' he cried, one rainy night, leaping up the stairs into the shabby sitting-room. 'Forty pounds a year, and a steady rise of a pound. Why, in seventy years I'll have—I'll have one hundred and ten!—Never mind, Nell; it's better than doing nothing.'

'A great deal better,' assented Nell cheerfully. 'It will seem quite a fortune after all the failures; only I do think you ought to be worth more than that, Maurice.'

'I used to think so too; but all depends from what point you look at it. Davidson at our office had forty, and it never occurred to me that it was too little. I should like to see that lad again,' he went on, starting off on a new track, as was his fashion. 'He would have done anything for me in those days. I'll look him up when we get settled down here.'

They were both thankful for this clerkship, very thankful; but when one has been in a certain groove for a lifetime, it is not easy changing into another, and those two idle desultory years had not been altogether the best training for a daily steady grind. Maurice liked pleasure and sunshine and ease generally; prodigals are not usually a race of immaculate heroes; time and space granted, his prospects of attaining the giddy height of that hundred and ten stipend were but faint. The novelty wore off in the first three days, and then it was only sheer necessity for himself and Nell that kept him to his post.

'I understand those husk banquets now very well,' he remarked one day to Nell; 'but if that prodigal had had my stool and forty pounds a year, he would have hurried off home even quicker than he did.'

'Don't you think you might try once more?' suggested Nell half under her breath. 'He has no one but you.'

'No,' said Maurice decidedly; 'that's settled. I sent a message to Davidson to come and look us up to-night. Can we afford to give him a cup of tea, Nell?'

'Oh yes,' laughed Nell; 'two, if you don't mind it being a little weak. They say it's bad for the nerves too strong.'

'I couldn't say, it's so long since we had a chance of judging. Never mind; Davidson is not particular.'

Maurice had an extra turn at the grindstone that day, and did not reach home for some time after the visitor's arrival. Nell was sitting by the fire, trying to keep up the conversation, with rather indifferent success. She broke off with a sigh of relief at the sound of her husband's foot on the stairs. Davidson flushed a sudden uncomfortable scarlet; he got up off his seat, and then stood grasping the back and hesitating. However, there was no hesitation about Maurice; he greeted his father's clerk as if they had parted yesterday, and under the most ordinary circumstances, and were meeting now in the paternal

mansion, instead of this fourth-flat threadbare lodging.

'And you are still in the old place, my boy? and M'Callum too? just as usual.'

'Yes, sir.—I'm glad to see you back, Mr Maurice; the place has not been right since you went.—Are you—are you —?'

'No, Davidson; I'm *not*.—Don't run away with any ideas of that kind. That ended some time ago. I have just got to peg on here and help myself.'

'But do you like it, Mr Maurice?'

'Candidly speaking, I can't say I do; but needs must, you know.'

Davidson looked unsatisfied. 'It doesn't seem right,' he was beginning dolefully.

Maurice interrupted his lamentation. 'It's no use crying over spilt milk, my boy. Take you a solemn warning by my case, and don't slide into crooked ways. You don't slide back again as smoothly, by any means.—Now, draw up your chair, and we will have some tea.'

That was the first of Davidson's visits. They continued regularly all the rest of the winter; through the hot stifling summer, when only dust and heat spoke of the green glory that hovered over the whole land beyond this wilderness of stone and lime. Maurice longed as he had never longed in his life for one sight of tossing waves and breezy moors; only there was the landlady and the butcher and the baker, and a whole army of smaller satellites planted between, barring the way.

'Davidson, stay behind to-night; I wish to speak to you,' said Mr Gatherwick in a peremptory voice, one day when that dusty summer was merging into autumn. He was opening his private door as he spoke, and he passed in and shut it to with an ominous click.

Mr M'Callum twirled round on his stool to inspect the delinquent. 'What pranks have you been up to now, Davidson?'

'None that I know of,' was the answer; 'unless'—There he stopped, with a sudden fear that he *did* know, and that there would be a bad half-hour before him. How it could have come to his master's ears puzzled him; he had never mentioned Mr Maurice's name even to M'Callum.

'Well,' pursued Mr M'Callum curiously, 'there is something, and you know that quite well. Better make a clean breast of it at once. Don't wait till it's a case of disappearing, like—well—like some one who shall be nameless. The downward track is easy, but there's no turning back, mind.'

'There ought to be a turning back,' said Davidson gloomily; 'it's hard lines if one slip is to be reckoned up against one always.'

Mr M'Callum whistled. 'So you have been slipping. I thought as much, and you cannot say I have not warned you often enough against trying that prodigal business.'

With a solemn shake of the head, Mr M'Callum turned round to his desk again. There were sounds of some one moving about the inner office, and Mr Gatherwick might reappear at any moment; and in much uneasiness of spirit Davidson also went on with his invoicing.

'Now, then,' began Mr Gatherwick sternly, when six had arrived and, very unwillingly,

McCallum had retired down-stairs—'How long have you been in communication with my son, may I ask?'

'Since last January,' came the unwilling answer.

'Indeed, knowing it to be against my orders.'

'I didn't know it, sir,' said Davidson, blushing at his own audacity. 'You never said we were not to speak to him, and Mr Maurice was very kind to me when he was here.'

'It is not to happen again,' said Maurice's father decidedly. 'I will have no go-betweens in this office. Mr Maurice ought to have known better than to employ you in such a capacity.'

'He had no thought of any such thing,' began the culprit earnestly; 'and he's working so hard, he that'—

'That is enough,' interrupted his master. 'Pay attention to what I have said.—That is all; you may go now.'

Davidson's strongest point was not valour; he went down disconsolately. At the end of the street he encountered McCallum; not that that gentleman was waiting there for the purpose, only seeing—as he mentally phrased it—that there was a screw loose somewhere, it was but considerate to try to put it right, the first step of course being to find out which screw it was.

But that was the difficulty. Davidson flatly declined to give him any information about the matter, and thereby laid the foundation of a coolness that for weeks after completely took the gilt off those constitutional half-hours before closing-time.

Winter set in early that year, early and very bleakly. Week after week the bitter east winds went driving down the streets which Maurice Gatherwick trudged daily back and forwards, scantily clothed, and often scantily fed; little wonder that he felt it keenly.

'I think we must be growing old, Nell,' he remarked one night as he came in with blue fingers and chattering teeth. 'I used to enjoy frost and snow thoroughly, instead of shivering along after this fashion. They say you do feel the cold more when you are getting on in life.'

'It is a new overcoat you are needing, Maurice,' she said, stirring the tiny fire to a blaze. 'Couldn't we manage one? It is such a long way to that office, and you must keep well.'

'Nell, do you know how much cash I possess at this present moment? Just three-and-ninepence. If you will persuade any tailor to furnish one for that, you are heartily welcome to try. Afterwards, you might look up a shoemaker on the same terms; I am needing boots worse still; look at those.'

Nell shook her head.

'Well, well,' said Maurice, with an attempt at looking resigned, 'another month, and the worst of the winter will be over, if we can only hold out.'

If— Before that month was over, the prodigal's brief career was ended. Utterly unfitted for the battle, either by nature or training, it ended as any one might have safely foretold from the first. One morning he was not equal to going down to the office; he would rest and go fresh to-morrow; but to-morrow he did not want to leave his bed, and a cheap doctor had to be hastily sent for.

The doctor spoke of a touch of pleurisy, and a constitution below par, and promised to send in a bottle of medicine and come again to-morrow.

Nell put on her bonnet after dark and raced round to Davidson's lodging.

'He looks so ill,' she sobbed out. 'Oh, do go and tell his father; he wants better food and so many things we cannot get.'

'It'll not make any difference, Mrs Maurice. You don't know what Mr Gatherwick is when he makes up his mind.'

'But for his own son. Do go and tell him,' pleaded Nell.

'It's as much as my place is worth,' said Davidson, aglazed beyond measure. 'But it's Mr Maurice. I'll try it.'

Nell went back to her husband. Davidson buttoned up his coat without giving himself time to think, and hurried off to the dull stately house where Maurice had been born and brought up.

'See Mr Gatherwick! Why, he's just at dinner,' said the scandalised man to whom he made his request.

'Dinner or not, you must tell him it's important.'

The man debated for a moment; he was new to the situation, and perhaps scarcely realised the risk. He opened a door close by, and Davidson could hear the message delivered.

'There's the young man from the office, sir, Davidson by name, wishing to see you, and won't take no denial.'

'Davidson? Show him in.'

With his first glance down the brilliantly lighted table, there flashed across the visitor some odd fancy about the fatted calf; it was there in abundance; but this father was eating it alone.

'Well, what has brought you out here?' demanded Mr Gatherwick without laying down his fork.—'You may leave the room,' with a glance at the man in waiting.

'It's Mr Maurice, sir; he's very ill, and his wife's frightened about him. She's too poor to get him what he ought to have.'

At that same table—Davidson could have touched the spot with his hand—had once stood Maurice's chair. Perhaps Mr Gatherwick thought of it also for one fleeting instant before he remembered his principles.

'The old story,' he said impatiently. 'We have heard it all before. I thought I told you some time ago that I would have no communication between you.'

'And I have never been there since,' said Davidson; 'but—for the first time daring to assert himself in opposition to the great Mr Gatherwick—'I've not forgotten him, and I'm going straight to him now.'

The fatted calf might have played unmolested in its native fields, for all Mr Gatherwick consumed after his clerk's departure. He had believed in and stood by certain rules and principles all his life; his son had gone counter to both. If he were to bring him back to-morrow and put him in the old place, how long would it last? Could he risk that sore disgrace a second time? Possibly at no distant date. This exile meant more to him than it could to Maurice. He had lost the most by it: a solitary old age stretched before him; better that, than to build up fresh plans with a broken faith for foundation. Maurice was young,

and would find out new interests—nay, had found them already. Nothing ever troubled him long, thought the father bitterly; and he sat still and made no sign, while the slow hours ticked themselves past.

Davidson went away to McCallum in the sudden revolt, and told him the tale of Maurice's wrongs. McCallum listened in much perplexity. His theories about prodigals were well known; had he not reiterated them over and over again in Davidson's unwilling ears? And yet he, too, had liked Mr Maurice; prodigals often are rather likeable people—he would go and see him at any rate, and there would be no harm done if they took some jelly or wine with them.

'I believe it was black currant jelly they used to give me when I was ill,' he remarked on the way. 'We had better buy a pot; it's said to be strengthening stuff, if you give it a fair trial.'

This patient was past giving it a fair trial; he smiled faintly up in McCallum's perplexed face—talked a little disconnectedly about Nell, and his father, and school-pranks long ago—and finally drifted away to a much farther country just before daybreak.

Nell laid her face down on the pillow beside him with a burst of passionate tears. 'We were poor, and hungry, and cold often; but he never said an unkind word to either mother or me since the first day we saw him; and I'll love him—I'll love the very sound of his name all the days of my life.'

And some of us—not prodigals by several degrees—need not complain if we get no better epitaph.

There is something to be said on both sides. Was ever yet a flawless unassailable case recorded? Cheap victories are worth little. Mr Gatherwick vindicated his principles thoroughly, carried them out to the end; but there are times when he sits alone at nights listening to that clock ticking out the hours, and feels that he would give all his wealth for one sight of the young face that lapsed out of the march long before its time, for lack of a helping word he might have spoken—a hand that he might have stretched out.

GIBRALTAR A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE celebration of the tercentenary of the Armada raised a transitory interest in Spanish history, and, consequently, in anything connected with our occupation of the mighty Rock-fortress of Gibraltar, to obtain which so many hard-fought battles and sieges have been withstood, and to retain which requires a strong garrison of troops ever ready for any possible though not probable emergency. A perusal of the archives of the garrison since it came into our possession in 1704 gives a little insight into the curious customs and mode of carrying on the government of the place; and the following extracts, collected from the General Orders published between 1700 and 1800, will no doubt prove interesting.

Desertion seems to have been a source of much trouble to successive governors of Gibraltar. In September 1757 the following General Order was issued: 'Four men will be shot for desertion on Windmill Hill in presence of the whole garrison.—By order of the court-martial.' These poor fellows fared badly; and no doubt a similar fate would

have befallen the four men referred to in the next extract, but for the kind recommendation of the Spanish general: 'In accordance with the convention, the Spaniards have returned to the garrison four deserters. The Spanish general having been pleased to beg the governor not to inflict the full penalty, it is hereby ordered that three of them have a yellow paper put in their hats, written "Traitor to the King, Country, and Religion," and the other, who has added robbery to his crime, has a green paper, with "Traitor to his King, Country, and Religion, and a Thief," and be marched through the town.'

In some cases it would appear that 'one more chance' was given, according to the humanity or temper for the time being of the governor; for instance: 'James Jewett, of Brigadier Clayton's regiment, has been shot; he, with five other men, having been condemned for desertion. At the place of execution, two were reprieved, and the remainder drew lots for their lives, Jewett being the loser.' And not only were the soldiers themselves sufferers, but the officer came in for a share of the penalty when the deserter escaped altogether: 'Be it known for the future that if any officer's servant desert when absent from the regiment, the said officer shall replace him with a good recruit, or pay twenty-five dollars for the non-effective.'

Summary vengeance was also placed in the power of the sentries, as would appear from the following: 'Yesterday, during bathing, one of the soldiers had the audacity to swim off and desert. Sentries are now commanded to fire on any man who swims beyond fifty yards and refuses to return when ordered.'

Punishments were heavy and swift; and no doubt the discipline of the garrison required a strong hand. For example: 'Private Thomas — to receive ten hundred lashes with a cat-o'-nine-tails, so much of the punishment as he can bear to be received at one time on the Grand Parade, and the rest afterwards; the last fifty lashes will be administered by the common hangman between the Southport and Waterport gates, where he will be drummed out of the garrison with a halter round his neck.'

Occasionally, when special works were being executed and labour was costly, it was found an advantage to give prisoners a chance of avoiding some part of their sentence. In 1749, General Bland issued the subjoined Order: 'Men sentenced by court-martial to corporal punishment may commute the same by working on the new road to the signal station, as follows: fifty to one hundred lashes, one day's work; one hundred to two hundred lashes, two days' work; and so on.—By Order, GENERAL BLAND.'

Politics could not be so freely indulged in as at the present day, for 'Mr — is hereby ordered out of the garrison for drinking the health of the Pretender. If he has not left in two hours from this, he will be forcibly turned out.'

The post of executioner at the period must have been anything but a sinecure. He required special protection. 'Samuel Lewis having been duly appointed executioner for this garrison, the governor orders that no person shall offer any abuse to the said Lewis, either by throwing stones or striking or upbraiding him on account of his unpleasant duties—on pain of the severest punish-

ment.' And the above Order being ineffectual, we find shortly afterwards that 'Notwithstanding the Order lately issued, the governor finds that Lewis the executioner has been abused by soldiers and others throwing stones at him, breaking his head, and maltreating him grossly. Whoever shall be found, hereafter, acting in a similar manner in face of these Orders shall be whipped severely by the said executioner until he is satisfied.'

The jailer, even, was not allowed to possess a feeling heart, as the following Order implies: 'It is reported that the provost-sergeant of the Moorish castle does not inflict the whole of the punishment awarded to prisoners under his care. Now it is ordered that, in future, when this occurs he shall receive the remainder himself.'

The common executioner was not the only person who became obnoxious to the inhabitants. On the occasion of the visit to the garrison of the Alcalde of Tetuan it became necessary to appoint a man specially to protect him and his suite: 'During the visit of the Alcalde of Tetuan an orderly sergeant shall be attached to the Moor who is his secretary, to prevent the sailors or soldiers abusing him and his countrymen.'

Gambling and billiard-playing were rife then, as now: 'Billiards shall not be played after second gun-fire in the evening, on peril of having the table broken to pieces and burned on the public parade.'—'Gaming, especially the game of "Devil-and-the-Tailors" and "skittles," will not be allowed in any winehouse.'—'Between June 1st and September 13th no soldier will be allowed to play at five.'

Robbery had to be dealt with in the absence of police and detectives. Amongst the troops, petty pilfering of the food and clothing having been discovered, an Order was issued to meet the case: 'It having been divulged that soldiers have a method of surreptitiously disposing of their necessities, which they call "fighting a cock," the governor now positively orders that this practice be discontinued, otherwise the men belonging to the barrack-room where this custom takes place will pay the value of the said necessities.' And as this was not successful, possibly from favouritism, the governor determined to make some one responsible: 'It being evident that no robberies can be committed but what may be discovered by the sergeants and corporals, it is ordered that they pay for all if the offender is not brought to light.' When a robber was caught he was made an example of: 'John —, who committed the robbery at the storehouse, will be executed at guard-mounting to-morrow morning at the said storehouse. The body, with a label on the breast, on which is written the word "Plunderer," to remain hanging till sunset.'

Not only were the rations of the soldiers stolen, but the charges actually abstracted from the guns, for what purpose other than mischief is mysterious: 'Some evil person having been so unsoldier-like and scandalous as to have drawn the charges and stolen the gunpowder from eighteen guns, a reward of one hundred dollars is offered for the detection of the infamous thief.—The punishment is death.'

At last, a General Order was promulgated, calling upon the civil inhabitants to turn themselves into special constables for the putting down of crime: 'Every night, certain inhabitants armed

with a permit from the town-major must patrol the streets to prevent robberies. The military patrols are not to interfere with them, but must render assistance if required. And during the day, officers and non-commissioned officers commanding guards are to send out patrols frequently with their arms unloaded to kill every dog they see going about the streets. They are not to fire at any dog, but to kill by stabbing or some other way.'

The extermination of dogs here referred to must have been a wholesome practice worthy of imitation at the present time, when the streets of the garrison are overrun by mongrels of all shapes and sizes. Many of these are, however, only day-visitors from Spain, trained to smuggle tobacco, which is fixed upon their backs and sides like pack-saddles; in which state they are sent off to their homes in the Spanish lines, running the chance of a stray shot from some carabinero.

Horses and donkeys appear to have been a source of annoyance to the governor at some period, for he gives notice that, 'Any donkeys loose in the town are to become the property of the person taking them away; and any straying on the ramparts are to be shot by the sentries.'—'If any horses are found on the hill to-morrow, the governor will order out a firing-party and shoot them.'—And, again, he aims a blow at horse-racing: 'In consequence of the rioting and disorders which happened yesterday, the governor expressly forbids any more horse-racing.' But this has since been rescinded, as racing is now one of the chief amusements of the garrison.

The sentries at the English lines required continual watching and strict discipline to keep them up to their duties. The Orders dealing with them are very numerous, and a few of the most quaint are selected. Here is a funny one: 'The court-martial assembled to decide whether a sentry quitting his post before relieved, or found sleeping on duty, should be punished by "running the gantlet," or whipped at his post, according to the custom of the garrison ever since it came into the hands of the English; resolved, that in consequence of the scarcity of twigs, "running the gantlet" cannot be continued, and the duty of the garrison being very heavy, no time can be spared to collect them.'

The following may have acted as a suggestion to Lord Wolseley: 'It is intended shortly to issue a little treatise or pocket-book for the instruction of officers and soldiers of this garrison, wherein they may learn what is in future to be considered a breach of duty deserving punishment. From it they will discover that a sentry-box and a shower of rain can justify a sentry in acting in a manner that has hitherto been looked upon as a most notorious breach of discipline.'

When the gates were locked at evening gun-fire, a special salute was required for the keys: 'All guards to rest and beat a march to the keys, town-guard excepted.' And a good attempt at keeping sentries awake was devised by this Order: 'All sentries who do not cry out "All's well" every two minutes shall be punished with two hundred lashes.'

The art of saluting gracefully was duly impressed upon the troops, even at this early date: 'When a soldier passes an officer, he shall look

him respectfully in the face and carry his hand gracefully to his head in salute.'

From the next excerpt it would appear that some special distaste for the duty was felt by the sergeant-major referred to, or surely a verbal command to attend the court-martial would have met the case: 'Captain — being appointed president of the court-martial to be holden to-morrow, the sergeant-major of his regiment will attend the said court and write down the proceedings.'

At the commencement of the present century, an epidemic of smallpox visited the Rock. This caused the issue of an Order stating that 'Cowpox being not so contagious as smallpox, a general inoculation for the former disease is hereby ordered.' And afterwards, the sight of victims being obnoxious to the inhabitants, an Order was put out defining that 'People marked with the smallpox are not permitted to stand at their doors or go into the streets. No mackerel to be suffered to come into town.—By order.' Where the 'mackerel joke'—if it is a joke—comes in, is not sufficiently explicit. And when scurvy attacked the troops, thirty thousand lemons and two thousand pounds of onions were issued in accordance with the Order quoted below: 'Lemons and onions will be issued to the troops without stint, on account of the prevailing scurvy.'

The following summary Order speaks for itself: 'Ships coming into the bay without showing their colours are to be fired upon, and the cost of the shot recovered when the port-dues are collected.'

The creditors of the civil and military inhabitants had evidently been 'walking round' the governor previous to the publication of the following: 'When the bounty-money is paid, all good soldiers are expected to pay their debts, and it is recommended to all volunteers also to apply at least half of the amount in a similar liquidation.'

Fishermen supplying fish to the garrison seem to have been somewhat arbitrarily dealt with. An Order was early promulgated that no fish whatever was to be offered for sale until the governor's table was supplied; but in 1759 this edict was modified by Lord Home, as follows: 'It having been represented to the governor that the practice of bringing fish to the convent for selection by His Excellency's servant, before being allowed to dispose of same to the general public, was a hurt to them, Lord Home hereby cancels that Order; but commands that they do not sell or dispose of any of their fish before the governor's servant has bought what may be required for his table; and the servant employed for that purpose will have orders to be early at the market every morning, and to acquaint the officer of the guard as soon as he has bought sufficient.'

It is apparent that considerable jealousy and bickering were engendered by the fish question. The governor having been supplied, various favoured individuals got the next pick, to the annoyance of the general public; and upon representing the matter to the authorities, the following General Order came out: 'Whereas several fishermen have offended by bringing their best fish into the town for particular persons, instead of displaying it in the public market

—it is ordered that all fish must be sold there in future, and none hawked or sold about the town on pain of the man being seized and the fish forfeited.'

What gave rise to the next extracted Order is not disclosed: 'The governor hopes that for the future no person living in the garrison will send out any letter, parchment, or anything else into Spain through the Landport gate, without first acquainting him and obtaining his sanction.' Nor why there should have been any necessity to give Orders like the following: 'Any man who has the misfortune to be killed is to be buried by the guard where it happens, and his clothes sent to his regiment.'

Here is a General Order defining where, how, and when people may walk on fine evenings: 'Inhabitants are permitted to perambulate the streets of the town or the road to the New Mole and South Barracks till nine p.m. without a light. After that hour, no one will be permitted to be out without a light; and no inhabitant can be out after ten without a permit as well as a light.'

The 'powdered-hair-and-queue' period was one of considerable anxiety to the government, as would appear from the following precise General Order: 'In consequence of some officers not having hair long enough, and finding it difficult to form a queue to their head, it is ordered that such officers may, for a period restricted to two months, during which time the hair will grow, be permitted to affix a queue otherwise. But on no account will the two months be extended.'

Again: 'On account of the scarcity of flour, no soldier will be allowed to powder his hair till further orders: and to economise cartridges, each man will have a charge of powder issued to him in a cane, and a loose ball, which he will carry in the cock of his hat.' The last mandate was, however, due to the scarcity of provisions and ammunition at a moment of peril. Butter, too, ran short: 'In consequence of the scarcity of butter, an additional supply of bread will be issued as an equivalent.'

Then, on the unexpected arrival of more troops, the following Order became necessary: 'In consequence of the want of barrack accommodation, it is ordered that the four regiments of Kerr, Pearce, Egerton, and Bisset sleep their men three in a bed, and as many beds in a room as possible. These arrangements to be made in the morning.'

Various governors have been much exercised how to prevent suicides, and their detestation of the crime may be assumed from a perusal of the following Orders: 'It is the General's Order that Edmund — of the —th regiment be placed upon the gibbet at the top of the hill, as a mark of ignominy for his abominable stupidity and wickedness in disobeying the laws of God by committing suicide.'—'A man of the —th regiment has been so wicked and cowardly as to hang himself. The commanding officer is ordered therefore to put all possible disgrace on such a heinous crime, and treat the corpse with the greatest ignominy. No funeral service shall be held over it; but the body shall be hung, heels upwards, for two hours, and then flung over the line wall like a cat or dog.'—'Yesterday was discovered the skeleton of a soldier at the

foot of the rock, broken to pieces and otherwise unrecognisable. The only marks to distinguish which regiment he belonged to were the letters "J. Y." on his stockings. Any regiment having lost such a man will apply to the town-major forthwith and claim his bones.'

These were the good old days, when the Commander-in-chief was permitted to carry an umbrella without giving offence to the nation: 'No soldier or officer (except the Commander-in-chief) shall carry an umbrella when on duty.' Still, there was an evident wish on the part of the government to retain as far as possible the military appearance of the troops: 'The General desires to express his astonishment at meeting an officer coming from Spain dressed in a large straw hat and an umbrella; and, as if to add to the burlesque, another officer riding behind him. The General forbids any such indecency in future, and will not grant permits to any officer dressed in such an unmilitary manner.'

Funerals must have been performed in rather a perfunctory way to necessitate this Order: 'Chaplains attending funerals will please see that the grave is fully six feet deep before allowing the corpse to be lowered, and more particularly in the case of sailors buried without coffins. And also to see that the grave is properly filled up.'

Here is an encouraging notice, such as we may never expect to see issued in these red-tape days: 'Several valuable suggestions having been made to the governor lately by officers of the garrison, which have been or may be adopted and prove advantageous to the king's service, he wishes to invite further useful observations and hints from officers of all ranks, assuring them that such beneficial discoveries will be publicly acknowledged at the proper time by the proper authorities.'

The following Orders refer to the salutes to be fired on the king's birthday: 'All the guns in the garrison to be fired on the king's birthday.'—'This year [1788] fifty guns will be fired for the king, and twenty-one for the queen.'

We have saved the most important notice till the conclusion, because we believe the offer contained therein has not yet been accepted, and it may meet the eye of the delinquent or his descendants: 'Some gentleman visiting the governor has taken a hat belonging to Mr —, and left his own in its place. The governor gives notice that the owner of the remaining one may exchange hats at the convent, if he pleases.'

MY ORDERLY.

WHEN I was ordered up to the hills on duty, and left my regiment in the Punjab, I took formal leave of my sepoy orderly at the door of our forsaken bungalow, and presented him with all the old newspapers, broken chairs, tin boxes, bottles, and such other valuables as one generally leaves behind on seeking new pastures. But, to my astonishment, he rushed wildly on to the platform just as the train was starting, to give a final salute, gasping for breath, with great tears trickling down his black cheeks. He must have run after the *gari* all the way to the

station, or gone across country through compounds and over walls with wonderful agility for a lumbering six-foot Sikh. Anyhow, I was so touched by this unexpected display of emotion on the part of the simple sepoy, that stretching my arm out of the window, I warmly wrung his hand in a second farewell. Then I suppose he went sorrowfully back to see that nobody had appropriated his precious *Punches* and *Graphics*, and to haggle over the price of the bottles and biscuit-tins in the bazaar, while I rattled away to Lahore, sorry to part with my faithful but stupid *bittman*. For he was thick-headed to a degree, and, with an intense desire to please, he combined the most astonishing faculty for working mischief and making mistakes in the simplest bit of work.

Once, shortly after he had come to us fresh from the lines, two ladies coming to call found this smiling giant in the veranda, and on hearing that the *Memsahib* was within, they placed in his unsuspecting hand several cards. This was evidently a new experience for *Mana Singh*; but being apparently some form of *dik*—that is, post—he went into the drawing-room, which happened to be empty, and laid the cards on the table on which he had been taught to put letters. He then retired by another door to the back of the house to think over the matter, leaving the ladies to wait outside for a considerable time, when they were luckily seen by my bearer. After this, nothing would induce *Mana Singh* to face a lady coming to call, he being evidently in dread of meeting the victims of his previous error.

His conversation was absolutely unintelligible, the little Hindustani he knew being obscured by a strong Gurmukhi accent; and his shyness when in society, especially in the presence of ladies, was overwhelming. When he came into the room with one of his very numerous idiotic questions, his feelings generally deprived him of the slender powers of speech he possessed, and he had a trick of picking the whitewash off the wall with his nail, while his two big toes engaged in a furious battle with each other as he stood speechless with shamefaced emotion, the picture of imbecility. When my wife's risibility was naturally excited by this display, he would join in the laugh with a hysterical giggle which continued until he was sent outside to recover.

It was very risky to send him shopping in the bazaar; there was no saying what he might not invest in. After one alarming feat in this line, my wife gave up having his assistance in her housekeeping. He was sent to buy some soap, but evidently misunderstood what was wanted. After having been absent the whole day, during which, as he himself explained, he had ransacked both the *Sadr Bazaar* and the native city, he appeared triumphantly in the evening with a large living snake tied up in a cloth, which reptile he proudly let loose on the floor to everybody's consternation. Luckily, the snake was harmless; yet it was a most undesirable article of domestic economy, the very antithesis of soap, and so the crestfallen orderly had to return it the next day.

He was not a *shikari*, although very desirous

to figure as such. When we were marching along the Afghan frontier, I sometimes took him out shooting, if any of the more sporting Pathans of the regiment were not available. Then his ingenuity in getting into the way of the guns was remarkable. When beating grass jungle for black partridge his enthusiasm led him far in advance of the line, and on being shouted at in forcible language, he would come smiling back in the teeth of the guns, of course putting up the only old cock we had seen for half an hour, and causing another volley of expletives.

But it was in snipe-shooting that he excelled. He always managed to get stuck in the slimiest bits of the *jhal* or swamp; and when obliged to jump a ditch, he would give a wild ineffectual spring into the air, which usually landed him in the middle of the water, whence he ungracefully floundered, dripping and muddy, to the inexpressible delight of the Pathans who happened to be with us, and who considered his unsportsmanlike proclivities to be fair game. All this he took in the most perfect good-humour, and he would join in the laugh as he wiped the mud out of his eyes. Owing to these aquatic habits, it was dangerous to entrust to his care either cartridges or lunch. On Christmas Day he produced the haversack full of sandwiches, made extra good in honour of the occasion, in the condition of very muddy trifle, he himself covered from head to foot with the blackest mud. The state of his person he explained by the fact that he had been acting as an amateur diver in quest of the whisky bottle, at the bottom of a deep and slimy ditch into which he had dropped the precious liquid, and without which he knew better than to appear.

The camel which carried my belongings took a most particular dislike to Mana Singh, and made his life miserable by snapping ferociously at him whenever he came within reach while it was being loaded. This dislike on the camel's part was reciprocated by the orderly, combined with the most sincere terror for the animal, and what loading-up he did was very skirmishingly effected from the rear. But when the beast was safely on the road with my tent and bedding on its back, and the cord of bondage in its nostril, then he had his revenge as he walked airily along beside it, digging it in the ribs with his rifle, exhorting it to *chalo*, and generally behaving unkindly to it.

One day, when my bearer was ill, I entrusted to him the onerous duty of brewing my morning tea; and after a careful demonstration of the uses of the teapot, &c., I thought he might possibly succeed in preparing that beverage without a blunder. So the next morning, he stumbled into my tent in the dark at *réveille*, and after some mysterious evolutions with rattling cups and spoons, announced that the tea was ready. Then I shiveringly turned out into the freezing air, to find a cup half filled with a mixture of dry tea and sugar, with a teapot of hot water standing beside it. Great was his regret and profuse his promises to do better next time, when I explained to him that although this might be the best method of making tea according to Sikh ideas, yet it did not accord with the inscrutable customs of the Sahib-log.

In cantonments he had a great friend—a brother orderly who lived in the next compound. These two used to vie with each other as to whose house

would be most beautifully decorated with all the scraps of coloured paper and pictures they could lay their hands on. Mana Singh's dwelling was a dark little mud hut about ten feet square, with a narrow low door, in my servant's lines, and of this abode he was as proud as any rajah of his palace. Its walls were covered with advertisement sheets from the *Queen*, pictures from *Punch* and other papers, as often upside down as not, and in the place of honour a big chromo from some Christmas Number. I was often called on to admire when any new work of art was added to this gallery, and sometimes a joint request would be made to me, with much nudging and giggling between the disputants, that I should inspect Amar Singh's house as well, and give an impartial opinion as to which was the most artistic and beautiful. Besides the pictures, Mana Singh's house contained a *charpoy* or bedstead, half a dozen brass cooking vessels, highly polished and shining like gold, and a little mud fireplace in one corner. On the wall hung a diminutive mirror, an article in very frequent use, for our friend was exceedingly vain, and would spend hours sitting in the sun trimming his beard and combing his long hair, which he wore screwed into a knot and fastened on the top of his head with a little comb, in the usual Sikh fashion.

In spite of his stupidity, he had many good points, and I never could find the heart to relegate him to the lines. He was so proud of his position, and seemed to consider the bungalow and all it contained his own especial property, as he walked smilingly about the compound dazzling the eye in his garments and prodigious *pagri* of spotless white and his funny little scarlet waistcoat. Many a laugh we had over him and his ways, and I often wish that my present staid and proper little Goorkha possessed a little of the absurdity of honest Mana Singh.

STOWAWAYS.

A PARTY of us were seated in the smoking-room of the screw steamer *Vancouver* late one evening, engaged in filling the cabin with smoke and diminishing the ship's supply of rye whisky. Incidentally the conversation turned upon a somewhat curious character we had among the usual consignment of stowaways, and Captain S—, who formed one of the party, thereupon proceeded to relate some of his experiences in this connection. The captain was an excellent *raconteur*, and his style was true blue and quite inimitable. I have only retained the gist of his story, and will therefore make no attempt to give it in the language he used.

Hardly an ocean steamer bound for America leaves a port in Great Britain but it has four or five of these unfortunate creatures stowed away somewhere. Many captains make the discovery that they have twenty or even thirty of these undesirable passengers aboard, and that they have as many more mouths to feed. This makes some skippers pretty savage, as when they sail they have stores only proportionate to their crew, with due provisions for delays from stress of weather, will of God, &c.

The stowaways are recruited from all sorts and conditions of men, but as a general rule they are

mostlly incapables and the scum of the streets of London and other great cities. It can be truthfully said of them as a class that their leaving their country is usually for their country's good. They hang around the docks until an opportune moment arrives for shipping aboard, and they usually select ships which are taking in a cargo of pipes or bricks or some other material in which they can make a comfortable hiding-place. As a general rule, they are assisted by the 'bumpers' or ship labourers, with whom they are leagued, and who, while loading a ship with brick, can easily build it up leaving a square room in a dark corner in which a dozen or two of stowaways can be accommodated with comparative comfort. When the cargo consists of pipes, the stowaways simply creep inside them, and wait patiently until they think the pilot has gone off and the vessel is well away from land. This plan has its little inconveniences, as, directly a ship leaves port, the officers start upon a tour of investigation, and often throw bricks and other material awakens into the pipes. When they hear an appreciative howl, they make the stowaway crawl out. The majority of the men, however, either escape the bricks or bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune with Spartan fortitude, because it often happens that after the officers are satisfied that they have escaped this scourge, a dozen or so of stowaways come from below and begin to inhale the ozone in safety.

One officer in a Glasgow steamer, while looking through a consignment of bricks, suddenly discovered a nest in which eight men were seated in contemplative silence with their knees drawn up to their chins. They were all marched up on deck, and immediate preparations made for putting them on shore. Before the boat was lowered, two more came up on deck. These latter had divided their food in portions in order to last them until they were well out from shore; but in the darkness, they had apparently miscalculated the time and eaten too many meals. Their food had run out, and the ship was still in the Firth of Clyde. The whole party was then safely landed on the Cumbræ More, an island which only boasts of one town, and was sufficiently distant from Glasgow to give them considerable trouble to accomplish their return in the destitute condition they were in. The officer of the ship was therefore somewhat surprised, upon arriving at Montreal on his next voyage, to find some of these same men working on the wharfs.

Captains generally endeavour to land their stowaways as far as possible from any settlement, in order to make their ships unpopular with this class of passengers. The sufferings which some of these unfortunates endure under such circumstances are more easy to imagine than describe. They often have to walk a dozen miles or so in bad weather with insufficient clothing and without food or drink, after having passed through the horrors of being cooped up in a ship's hold two or three days.

When a ship is too far out from land to send a boat ashore, the captain is reduced to the necessity of taking all the work he can get out of the men, and he generally does this pretty effectually if there is only a moderate consignment of them. But it is hard for any captain to find work for twenty extra men, and in such a case, the smartest

of them are put to work as deck hands, and the rest are treated as steerage passengers and handed over to the police on arrival.

Captain S— gave a rather ludicrous account of the experiences of a *confère* some few years ago. His ship was hardly well out on the ocean when two stowaways made their appearance, and later in the day five more. The next morning six more came up; and during the two following days they kept coming up in twos and threes until they numbered twenty-five all told. The ship seemed to be teeming with stowaways, and the officer on watch was fairly bewildered. There was a plaintive pleading in his voice as he said to the last comer, 'Say, hadn't you better send the rest up at once.'—'They are all up now, sir,' replied the stowaway with repressed cheerfulness, and the officer gave a sigh of relief. When the vessel arrived at Quebec, the captain sent a despatch ashore with the pilot-boat to be forwarded to Montreal, asking that a detachment of the harbour police be at hand when the vessel came alongside, to arrest the men. The police were in readiness on the wharf; but the steamer stranded in mid-stream, and lighters had to be sent off to relieve her of part of the cargo. One of the lighters was alongside when darkness came on, and she had to lie-to until sunrise. When the lighter was fully loaded, she drew in to the wharf to discharge; but hardly was she moored, when there was a movement among some sacks, and a stowaway leaped out and made a break for the wharf. Another immediately sprang out from the other side; and in another instant the whole deck of the lighter was alive with stowaways, running up the wharfs and leaping over the obstacles that came in their way. The captain was powerless with amazement, and did nothing but stand and look on in a dazed sort of a way. When the last of them had cleared the vessel's side and things had quieted down a bit, he recovered himself, and walking over to the sacks, he poked carefully about among them, but finding nothing, he resumed his former position. Suddenly, another stowaway, who had been unable to get out with the rest, jumped up and cleared. This was too much, and the captain shouted: 'If there's any more passengers going ashore, they had better go now.' But the whole consignment had escaped free of duty.

AFTER HARVEST.

THE harvest now is over, and the sheaves
Lie dusky-bounden on the granary floor:
Across the breezy meadow-lands no more
The gleaners wander out on golden eves
To gather fallen ears; but forest leaves
Are fiery crimson that were green before,
And squirrels gather in their winter store
Where here and there a breath of Autumn grieves.
Thus as I wander o'er the lonely scene,
And stop to listen for hushed melodies—
(Only the fitful wailing of the breeze
Where birds have carolled 'mid their cloisters green)—
I ask the meadow-lands and forest trees
If they are sad at thought of what has been.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

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